

# THE All Round the World SALVATION ARMY

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE  
ARMY CHARIOTS

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## A HIGHWAY FOR GOD!

### SOME THOUGHTS ON THE TRACK.

Commissioner.

Look up! the phantom clouds of gray—  
Grim ghosts of storm—have passed away :  
The veil of the sky is gone,  
And down the sunbeams comes the living sun.  
The air, oh! sky, seems and feels clear—  
A symbol of our country here !

What country, framed in frost or flowers,  
Can be so clear or pure ?

For there her emblem stands and free,

Over all that peaceful will be,

While liberty for every race

Has made this land a refuge place.

The Queen's Highway has not uniformly been the title that has by some been given to the wondrous road of iron that cuts its way through the mighty mountains, and skips alike over valley and flood on its route between the two mighty oceans that wash the eastern and western shores of our Dominion. But proper and fitting as the title might be, we thought as we gazed over its succeeding miles a few weeks ago, that a higher and more noble destiny lay before it if used by sanctified hearts and hands as a means of carrying the salvation message to all who have sinned, or shall in future take up their abode along its marvellous track.

One often has to travel in this other parts of the world, and by this means has formed an idea of God's marvel over handiwork. But when permitted to behold them in all their reality how much more does the Christian man adore his Father who is

THE ARCHITECT AND BUILDER OF ALL.

Nay, more, as he enjoys and makes use of all the various means at hand to facilitate and add comfort to his travels, which are the outcome of human ingenuity and skill, and the creation of human mind and brain; his heart is lifted up to the great Creator who has so endowed and elevated human thought and idea, and given them continual victories to their exercise.

To describe my own feelings when passing through this Rockies on this great road is impossible. Whilst many a wound we were filled with delight at the passing panoramas of nature, and were apparently held as by a spell with the grandeur of the scene, others were even more astonished at the engineering triumphs of the road, and lost in futile calculations of the millions of treasure expended. But amidst all I could only look to Him who in His infinitude of wisdom and power had also built the "cloud-capped towers" of the mountains, and given mind and vigor and energy to those who had bridged the precipices and valleys between them. And my mind ran on to the time when all should be dissolved, and mountain and valley and the handiwork of skill and energy, and treasure and material should melt like before His presence; and very soon came the promise of the prophet Isaiah, "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness that shall never depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of thy peace be removed, saith the Lord that shall build mercy on these."

Oh how glad my heart was on this assurance, and I bowed in adoration, remembering my own utter worthlessness. I glorified my Lord for His great love even to me. Now I remarked too, how exactly the dear Lord fit His consolations to our circumstances; I had been made sad over some few recent occurrences and my

heart was somewhat heavy, when He brought so ready to me this precious promise, in the midst of mountains. I am sure that many of my readers too, have had the like experience, that God to whom has made His word so sweet in times of trial, and darkness, and has so made the shadows flee before His presence, that their hearts have been filled with gladness, and their very countenance radiant with joy. Truly our God is wonderful and wise, alike in His handi-work and in His dealing's with man.

My mind too, as we rushed on along our

coming millions' salvation, and for the picturing in their midst of

THE STANDARD OF OUR CHRIST.

Oh, what a mighty factor in God's plans may this great highway be made. From the busy hub of old world cities, from their over crowded slums and lanes, where bread is scarce, and honest labour a drug, shall a people come who under a fairer sun and more adventurous circumstances, may be won for Christ. Shall come—did I say—why are they not coming now? and already there is soul-hunger in the land.

our enemy. May God help us to rise to our responsibilities, men and women, and means, and brains, and energies are needed to flood this land with truth, and fill its every valley and crown its every mountain peak with the rays that shine forth from the Sun of Righteousness.

May that great Orb in His quick charge, From mountain range, to mountain chain, From river shore, to river shore, May ray on ray from this blest Sea, The nation bathe, and save as sea. Until He dips the red and crest Into the ocean of the West.

## OUR SALVATION LIBRARY.

### Some New Additions.

"POPULAR CHRISTIANITY" by Mrs. General Booth. A new book from the pen of Mrs. Booth is sure to be eagerly welcomed by all Salvationists, and not alone by these but by the vast circle all round the world of all sorts and shades of religious thought to whom her books, and herself through her writings, have become close and valued friends. This last work is a collection of lectures which, though delivered some time ago, now for the first time see the light in book-form. It consists of some seven lectures for the most part dealing with the false Christ and popular shams of the present age as contrasted with the Christ of God and the realities of the Bible. We need hardly say that these subjects are dealt with by Mrs. B.'s trenchant reasoning and sound common sense logic put forth with all the power, pathos and feeling, that have marked her many previous heart-talks, which have made her a valued and appreciated leader of sound religious thought. We can confidently predict a large sale in the Dominion as soon as a stock of this work is received.

"Dawn Tots" (Elizabeth Reeves Swift). The quaint, insinuating, heart-touching style of our comrade's writings have found for herself a warm place in Salvation hearts, and her little book has ever found a cherished ornament to Salvation homes. "Dawn Tots" is a collection of Salvation incidents relative to the victories of the handi-work of old and young, and these are presented in the comrades most charming style and are sure to find their way to the hearts and sympathies of every reader. The book in its make up, etc., is a triumph of the printer's art and we know of no more suitable or acceptable Salvation Christmas present.

"CALLED OUT" (Herbert H. Booth and Emma M. Booth). Here we have a very interesting series of papers by the "Commandant" and "Mother" of the Training Homes, relative to the many victories that have been accomplished all round by the Cedars from Clapton. There are also some papers by Staff-Capt. B. Cox and Hardinge, which, like all their writings, are full of interest and blessing. Like both the above, "Called Out" is perfect in its get-up and finish, and with these will form a splendid addition to the Salvationists' book-case.

—When thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see

## AMONGST THE ROCKIES ON THE C. P. R.

journey, went out to the coming time, when all these vast plains and valleys should become the dwelling places of busy millions of the human race. I could in anticipation see the prairies gilded with the standing grain. I could hear the bison and elk, and the mountain geese; these digged and delved for the mineral treasures our good God has hidden there; these and a thousand other sounds came to my mind's ear, speaking of the mighty people that by and by should live and fall, and die, and be buried in the bosom of this goodly land, and my heart went out for the

and few, very few, to break the Bread of Life. Comrade of the Canadian Wing, here is a work for me and a work for you, and this year let us see this Queen's Highway be made a highway of salvation for the people, and a path for those that are on the King's business.

The land lies before us in all its pristine glory—beautiful in its primal purity; as yet, but little contaminated by the hand of evil—in a sense unblenched as it came forth at the fiat of its Creator. Much depends upon us, whether it shall be kept for God or fall a prey to His and

## ROUND ABOUT British Columbia

### SPYING OUT A GOODLY-LAND.

### Coming Battle Fields — AND — Future Conquests.

D. O. YOUNG.

After several days absence from a meeting, I had the opportunity to speak at the First at Calgary, and real glad I was of the chance.

Of course, a Salmon River, always happy during and after for Jesus, but when one has been away from the sound of the drum, the merry song of the bugle, and the scenes of sniping which he loves so well, it does act a kind of melancholy and makes one feel unusually jubilant to be amongst one's own comrades again.

But before I speak of Calgary, I must tell you that a busy visit to Nanaimo, Wellington, Victoria, New Westminister, Comox, Duncan, Port Alberni, and other places on the line through the mountains, gave me an idea as to the prospects for opening in these places in the future, and I have very little doubt but that, if given the chance, they will some day be graced with Salmon barracks, and a detachment of the Salvation Army.

I was much "taken" with Nanaimo, a very little city with every prospect of a rapid growth, and its influence, if not that it is the hub of the times now, for it is indeed way ahead of many other similar places, and could easily be converted into the Salmon Army which undoubtedly would add greatly to the present and future well being of all the inhabitants.

Up to Nanaimo and got us all ready, and communicated with the D. O.

Vancouver, of which everyone knows who knows anything, is rapidly coming into the front as one of the most important cities in the West. We have seen a great deal of this city, and shall spent five next months.

New Westminster presents a very picturesque appearance, is undoubtedly a very thriving and prosperous place, and is well equipped with public schools, hospitals, and other public buildings. It is probably best known for its fine moral and proper place, and has the appearance of such, but I have no doubts but that the Army's hands would be full were we to go there. Our friend is willing to put us up a small as we can afford to open fire, if the one in his house will not suit, and if we cannot get another, Harry, our comrade, can volunteer for the D. O.

At each of the other important places where we shall want buildings erected, and if one is especially anxious to benefit our cause, he can do so by buying a lot on a lotus basis, or offering to give it to the D. O., or if you cannot do that, give me \$75, \$100, which I have reason to believe will pay for having logs at this time required for the building. In the spring, I shall try for lots and log for logs, and I am sure that the will know what to do.

Dr. Brett, of the "Sanitarium," who kindly lent us a portion of his grounds for the meetings, in consequence of the misconduct of two who, "in spite of a certain Act, were filled with the whisky, and were drunk to a stupor, and were unaccountable for their actions." I hope the authorities will revoke the order and give the men a chance to come if they so desire. So says everybody.

Go ahead, soldiers of Calgary, and let the devil know you are on his track. I will write more later on.

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We are making some extensive alterations at the Hill, which will gratify a great many people, and we are getting new seats with backs, and as a result of course, the Army, when they find every one anxious to help pay for them. I hear that the men of the boys expect to spend their winter in Canada all through the winter, and do not think they will be able to help. Well done, boys, no better place to be at.

I am grateful to know that there has been an order issued prohibiting the Mounted Police from performing guard at the meetings, in consequence of the misconduct of two who, "in spite of a certain Act, were filled with the whisky, and were drunk to a stupor, and were unaccountable for their actions." I hope the authorities will revoke the order and give the men a chance to come if they so desire. So says everybody.

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## Amongst the Celestials.

MRS. MAJOR HOLDS THE FORT.

### A Week in the Field fight

### HOME SWEET HOME.

#### A Hurried Visit to Christians

Thanksgiving and Souls to be Saved.

### NORWAY.

#### THE WAR GENERAL.

Oh, how glad I felt after six weary weeks of resting to be able once more to go to the fight again! As I traversed the earth for the Celestial city my heart was full of gratitude that I had been privileged to be a "soldier" as well as a "saint."

God did so come as early as the train stopped, and filled me with much of Himself, and I had strong faith that victory would be ours whilst

Holding the Fort in Frederiston.

True it was, and being Friday night Lieutenant and Cadet were full of faith.

We had a good time — some straight dealing — and one soul got cleaned.

Sunday morning, knee-drill, 8 A.M.

To the fort, 9 A.M. — the first day of rest.







Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

## 1 I Heard the Drum.

BY "MAC" LINNARD.

Poems—Fiction—Sketches—With Jesus Drama.

ONE day, while walking down the street,

I heard the sound of drums; And turning round said to my friend, Salvation Army comes.

We looked and saw a happy throng; Of old men, young men, And these were bright and free from care,

And as I looked they sang, such a chorus.

I was satisfied with Jesus here, His everything to me; His dying love won my heart, And now He sets me free.

I'm satisfied—the words went home, As nothing else could do;

For years had he been striving hard, The happiness he brought.

I've said and done this he true,

But had salvation found?

And as I looked I saw them kneel,

And sing upon the ground.

I listened then as each one spoke About this love Divine.

How it had come to him on the cross,

To win a lost like mine,

Although I'd wandered far away,

In sin of every kind;

I wished with all my immortal soul,

That little song would sing.

I followed them into their hall,

As if I were the prince of heaven,

The glories which awaited all,

Who had their sins forgiven.

When kneeling down at Jesus' feet,

Confessing all my sins,

I roundly looked up to God,

With all my heart to sing.

## 2 Its There I'm Going to be.

CAPTAIN EDGIE KELLY.

Music—Through Georgia.

MARCH along my comrades dear we are sure to gain the day,

For Jesus is our Captain and He over

ever loves us.

No foes can stand before us in the battle-field way.

While fighting to bring souls to Jesus,

CHORUS.

There it there, its there, its there, I'm going to be.

Its there, its there, in the land of liberty;

We're more than saints in His praise where

And give all the glory to Jesus.

There are many, would our progress stay,

and tell us not to do,

Such silly things as beat the drums and

so-and-so you know;

But our God does hear it to bring poor

humans to the light and liberty of Jesus.

So in the strength of God we go, led by the Holy Ghost,

To tell the world of Jesus' might, and the

power of His blood,

To cleanse the most polluted hearts from

every stain of sin,

And give them a home in heaven.

## 3 A Savour Willing to Save.

A. W. N.

Song—With His Heart to Full of柔情。

WITH my heart so very sinful,

All was black and wild within;

But I heard the Saviour speaking,

My blood was wash'd clean.

With my sins I must die,

Though deserving nought but hell,

Jesus always full forgave me,

And of His love I now do tell.

**CHORUS.**  
My sins He's washed away, away,  
My sins He's washed away, and now I'm  
fully His.

On the love of God to all;  
Will at His footstool bow;Joy and peace He offers all;  
Pardon waiting for those now.  
Lies the Saviour's voice ringing;  
God's love is given to those;  
If thou will but all surrender,  
Those shall have full liberty.

End chorus.

They all will trust Him now.  
Come to Him who lives to save thee,  
Why, longer stay away?  
Engage at once in this great warfare,  
For the battle shall not stay.  
Oward cries our Great Commander,  
Faithful unto death the call;  
So thy right and we shall sing,  
In heaven we'll crown His Lord of all.

## 4 The Saviour's Love.

"SHAPMAN."

Two—*The Lion of Judah.*

THE Saviour has in His home left

on high,

To live on the earth, and to suffer and die,  
That we from our own might at liberty, lie.By accepting the pardon life offers us free.

CHORUS.

The conquering Saviour can break every hand.

Unbroken every fetter, each prison demand,  
From Satan every soul and sin condemned set free.

And take them with Him forever to be.

I came to this Saviour, my sins I confessed,  
My bonds broke, assunder, my soul found

It's all His work.

His grace reigns within me, His love I now share,

When the fightings are over, I'll join Him up there.

This full free salvation I cannot withhold,  
For He's done much, the half is not yet told.

His blood paid the price of this pardon so grand,  
And now through His death accepted I stand.

When the battle is finished, to He will say,

"Come up higher, for you here is salvation won."

You've fought the good fight, the hardships endur'd,  
Inherit the mansion my blood has procured."

5 God Loves You.

Sergeant LIZZIE BOYER, PETERSBOURG.

Sing—*At the Cross there's room.*

THE Lord has plainly shown

That we should both be,

And live for Him, and Him alone,

And follow where He leads.

CHORUS.

I will give all to You,

All I have I bring;

And let joy or sorrow fall,

I never more will shrink.

My time and talents, Lord,

And all I have, too,

I offer to them, to them no more,

But give them all to You.

From all my pride and self,

From every sin thing,

Which none but Christ alone can melt;

It brings bleeding to us free,

Wondrous, wondrous love,

Wondrous, wondrous love,

Wondrous, wondrous love,

Wondrous, wondrous love.

Now, poor sinner! will you come,

Start to make Heaven your home;

Come while there still is room,

Will you, will you come.

Don't you hear thy son's plenty of time,

Be quick to come, my dearest boy;

To-day is the accepted time;

Thy love is the accepted time;

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"And their blood will I require at your hand!"

**WE ARE IN  
Urgent, Pressing Need  
FOR THE FIELD!**

From every hand the cry is coming in "Send us more help," from all quarters we hear the inquiry, "What can we do?"

It is for the soldiers of the Canadian Wing of the great Army of the Cross that we are here gathered, not only by their prayers and gifts, but with their bodies and their lives.

The demand is urgent, the need is pressing, and amongst our thousands of soldiers there are hundreds who have given up all their possessions, and made ready to make a personal effort of their own, to help their countrymen in the cause which they have chosen.

What is wanted is people who have everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

The road we offer is strewed with thorns, it means hard labor, it means privation, it means the loss of the world, and the misunderstanding and derision of Christian people, but it is

#### The Christensen

and the way of success which the Master laid.

The Master went forth to seek and to save the lost, we the

#### Soldier and Servant

content with home and friends and comforts and self indulgence, when He needs help in the task of bringing the lost back to the fold, we are the ones who die on the altar of consecration, and He says, "The world abhorreth you."

Consequently we must bear the thoughts of souls going to hell, and yet we may not positively say that they are lost, for we are the ones who have been most honest, fearing divine consecration.

Let us then go forward, with a manly heart, feeling staggering down into a drunken grave, and a drunkard's tomb.

#### God Blesses Forward and Save Them!

Look at that awful legion of half-crazed men, down the hollies of prostration to an early grave, so God bless them.

Our brothers, sisters, all forward and rescue them.

#### Commanders, Up and Save!

Brave by legions are rushing on dark destruction. Consecrated men and women are waiting, with hearts, souls, minds, bodies, and all else, to save.

Hundreds, millions of our fellow creatures are in all classes, and grades of society are going as fast as they can, to the gates of hell, and darkness of eternal night.

Consecrated men and women, Soldiers, wanted, and must to get, and shall be given, to those who command, to go in regardless of position, honor, former rank, or any other consideration, but, to

serve unto the yawning gulf of hell.

Men, who have given up all, and are ready for this life he has or will surely give.

Women, who have given up all, and are ready for the same.

Children, of all classes, are you prepared to take part.

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#### Officers, Up and Save!

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#### Admirals, Up and Save!

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#### Generals, Up and Save!

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#### Doctors, Up and Save!

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#### Nurses, Up and Save!

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#### Ministers, Up and Save!

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#### Preachers, Up and Save!

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#### Evangelists, Up and Save!

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#### Wives, Up and Save!

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#### Mothers, Up and Save!

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#### Sons, Up and Save!

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#### Daughters, Up and Save!

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#### Sisters, Up and Save!

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#### Brothers, Up and Save!

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#### Fathers, Up and Save!

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Brave by legions are rushing on dark destruction.

Consecrated men and women are waiting, with hearts,

souls, minds, bodies, and all else, to save.

#### Neighbors, Up and Save!

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